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CIRCUMSTANTIAL DETAILS

OF THE

Long Illness and last Moments

23145/P
OF THE RIGHT HON.

CHARLES JAMES FOX.

TOGETHER WITH

STRICTURES

ON

HIS PUBLIC AND PRIVATE LIFE.

DEDICATED TO THE RIGHT HON.

LORD MORPETH.

THE SECOND EDITION.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THAT the reader may not expect from the following sheets what the author never intended, it may be necessary previously to inform him, that the contents of these pages are expressed with precision in the title. It is a *circumstantial detail of the long illness and last moments of a Statesman*, whose sentiments and sufferings cannot but awaken general interest. The public life of Mr. Fox belongs to more important works. Of his private life we have given detached sketches, which will facilitate the knowledge of his character.

It was the advice of one who had an unusual insight into human character, not to judge of a man till he was dying or dead. Let me see him in his hour of pain, when the soul is in its state of contest, and I see and know the man.

In the following pages, the reader will see Mr. Fox in this point of view. Let him form his conclusion; we wish not to bias him.

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TO

THE RIGHT HON.

LORD MORPETH.

MY LORD,

THE subject of the following sheets, unhappily but too near the heart of your Lordship, redeems even an unauthorized dedication from the necessity of excuse. If your Lordship felt less, it might be necessary for me to say more.

The purpose of these pages, my Lord, is to give the public a faithful detail of the last moments of your friend—your instructor. I had almost added, my Lord, of your father. If, in the ordinary sense of that sacred word, the peerage would not here bear me out, I would make my appeal to the Roman philosopher.—

“ Si

“ Si animus, et non corpus, homo est; et
 “ Plato is est qui cogitat, et scribit, et do-
 “ cet, et non qui ambulat, dormit et edit,
 “ pater ille verus est, qui animum format et
 “ instruit ad virtutem et sapientiam.”

It was, indeed, the peculiar praise of Mr. Fox, that he took peculiar delight in those acts which united public and private good. He communicated what he had learned with as much avidity, as that with which he had learned it. In this sense of the word, he had the spirit of proselytism. What Dryden says of the libertinism of Charles the Second, with a kind of courtly irony, that he took a peculiar delight

“ To multiply his image through the land,”

Was true in a better sense of Mr. Fox. Perhaps no statesman has ever formed more young men. He was never weary of this patriotic benevolence: he had learned it of Mr. Burke.

If

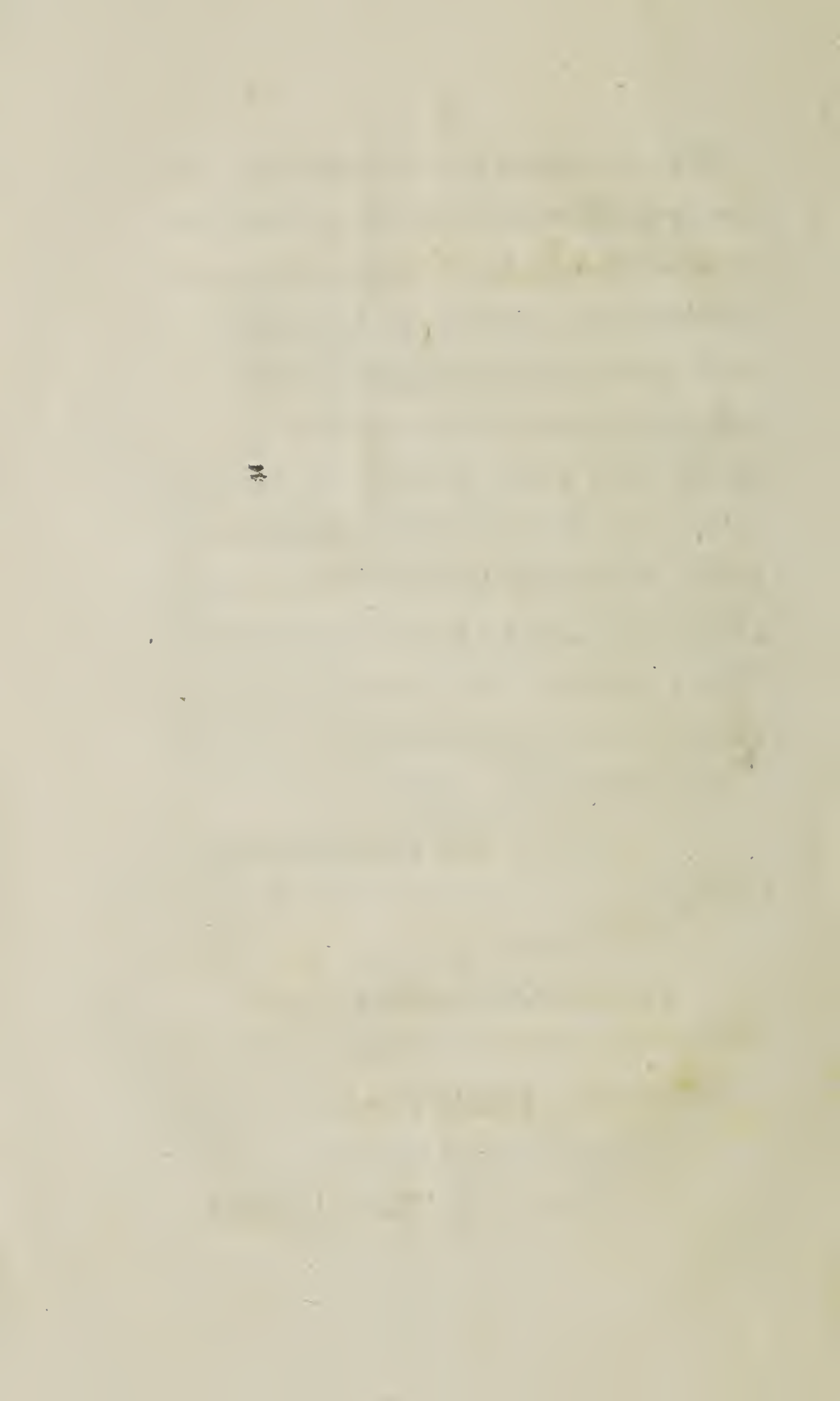
If any one should here object that Mr. Fox may have had private and less generous motives in this exercise of his friendship, your Lordship may vindicate him. Your ample fortune—your noble alliance—your peculiar felicity and moderation of temper—induced you at a very early period, to make your election, and to shun the troubled deep of power and place. Yet to whom has Mr. Fox been a more attentive instructor? Who has been a more beloved pupil than one from whose active co-operation he had to hope nothing.

I have nothing to add but to acknowledge myself,

Your Lordship's obedient,

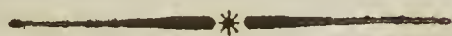
Humble Servant,

THE AUTHOR.



CIRCUMSTANTIAL DETAILS,

&c. &c. &c.



NO life has confessedly been more active than that of Mr. Fox. Whatever may be the difference of opinion as to the character of his politics, as to his views, and their probable event—there can be but one sentiment as to the occupation of his life. Every one must unite in opinion, that his life has passed in no ordinary manner. That Mr. Fox was not one of those men who are born *fruges consumere*, to spend their estates, and go out of the world with as little consequence as they came in. Mr. Fox was not one of these

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cyphers—

cyphers—he had not as yet attained those limits, at which the laws of the land, forming their estimate according to the ordinary course of the human mind, permits the power of action, when he became at once an actor on the public stage, and entered at the same moment into manhood and the public service. It was the custom amongst our barbarous ancestors, in common with the ancient Germans, to hold solemn assemblies for the admission and enrolment of their youths into the class of men; at which assemblies, such as had attained the suitable age, presented themselves, when a spear and shield was put into their hands, and they were thus, in the same moment, enrolled into manhood, and the service of their country. It was the same with Mr. Fox. He took the spear and shield, and stood forth, almost in the same moment, a man and a legislator. If the life of such a character cannot be indifferent; surely the death—the last glow of the embers of expiring life, cannot but equally interest. If there is a moment in which the natural generosity
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of the human mind more tenderly loves its friends, and forgets every thing in its sympathy even for its enemies, it is that in which all their power of good or harm must be alike extinguished in the grave. There is something peculiarly sacred in this word,—it animates love, deadens enmity; and, calling the mind to consider the common lot of all, exalts it above the transitory passions of the day.

It is by such feelings that we have been actuated in the following pages. We have hence concluded, that even the slight circumstances here related could not but be grateful to the public, as in many respects rendering a public character more known, and correcting errors which malice had spread, and ignorance incautiously adopted. The friends of Mr. Fox will here learn, that he died as he lived, with magnanimity and confidence.

The adversaries of Mr. Fox will be com-

pelled to acknowledge one important truth, that Mr. Fox loved his country, and thought anxiously upon its interest in his last moments.

These are the limits and purpose of the following short narrative: many of the friends of Mr. Fox were unhappily remote from him in the last part of his mortal career. Many, though exhorted to hasten up, if they had any desire to see their friend once more, flattered themselves that the danger was less imminent, and that the delay of a few days was immaterial. Some of these arrived in the actual moment of his death. It will be readily conceived that the daily detail of the progress of Mr. Fox, could not but be matter of the most lively interest to these gentlemen. The writer of these pages, as in some degree connected with the person of Mr. Fox, was known to most of his more immediate friends; he was moreover on the spot, and as such was requested by many of these gentlemen

gentlemen to write by every post the course and progress of the disease. It will be seen that he very early expected, what to the public misfortune has now occurred. This expectation induced him to keep copies of one or more of his several letters. From these copies is the detail now before the public compiled.

He hopes that it will not be objected to him that what he has related as spoken by Mr. Fox, was private, and should not have been published by a casual hearer—he has only to reply, that he is not aware of any consequences which the publication can have. What he has communicated relates to subjects assuredly harmless, though from the importance of their object, necessarily interesting.

My personal knowledge of Mr. Fox commenced about seven years since, a period of his life in which he was seen to most advantage. Domestic circumstances threw me at
that

that time, into his immediate neighbourhood. As I had not there obtained that success in my profession, to which I flatter myself my industry and long study under a master, certainly not the least celebrated, had in some degree led me to expect, I had become almost weary of it, and turned my thoughts to a very different and more attractive pursuit—dramatic literature.

This was the circumstance that introduced me to Mr. Fox. This eminent statesman resided at that period at St. Anne's Hill, Chertsey ; from which no invitations of his friends could tempt him to any long absence. —My house was about two miles from St. Anne's. In my walks I daily and almost hourly met Mr. Fox. Between Staines and Chertsey is the village of Laleham ; from St. Anne's Hill to this village is a delightful walk, by a path across the fields. Mr. Fox was almost daily in this walk. I knew therefore where to meet him, and it was some satisfaction

tisfaction to gain even a passing glance at a man of Mr. Fox's reputation.

I had scarcely finished my first drama, before I began to doubt that I had mistaken my talent, and, in disgust of my profession, adopted a kind of laborious idleness, which would be less profitable to me than even my own narrow business. I thought my drama somewhat too *sombre* for a comedy. I wished much for the opinion of a good critic—To whom should I apply—I knew no one—The reader will smile—I sent my drama to a celebrated physician now deceased; the worthy patron of my earlier years.—I was not satisfied with the opinion of this excellent man—He gave it as his decided sentiment, that my drama was too grave, and would not be tolerated—A sudden thought suggested itself, and I sent it to Mr. Fox, who at that time was unacquainted even with my name.

I am the more particular in these circumstances,

stances, as they bear a reference to the private life of Mr. Fox, and throw some light on his character, as a man and a gentleman. It is from these circumstances, circumstances in the privacy of domestic life, circumstances which were never intended, and never expected to meet the public view—that character must be inferred; the decorum of life and manners requires some restraint, some dress and preparation, all which disguise the man, and veil him from the eye. In these smaller circumstances of private life, there is no disguise, no masque, the mind acts from impulse, and shews itself in its natural features.

I give the letter which accompanied my drama, as necessary to explain the transaction.

To the Hon. Charles James Fox.

SIR,

I KNOW not how to excuse the trouble of the present application, except

cept by imputing it to its true cause—a confidence in your goodness, and general sympathy in the interest of others.

The Drama which accompanies this, is written by a man who is unused to the drama, but from long habit and education, has a passionate attachment to letters in general. May I presume, Sir, to request your perusal—may I advance one step farther, and humbly solicit your opinion.

I am, Sir,

With profound respect,

Your devoted humble servant,

I accordingly sent my drama, accompanied with this letter, to Mr. Fox, to St. Anne's Hill. In the course of the afternoon I received an answer by one of Mrs. Armsted's servants. "Mr. Fox's compliments to Mr. —, and in his present leisure has to thank Mr. — for the perusal of his drama."

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This note needs no comment. The delicate benevolence by which an almost inexcusable liberty on my part was converted into a favour, as furnishing him with occupation in his present leisure, exhibits at once an image of the man both in disposition and manners.

Mr. Fox accordingly read my drama, and according to the usual candour of his character, gave me his opinion; which, as nearly as I can now recal to my memory, was, that he saw proofs of such ability in it, that he recommended me to throw it into the fire in revenge for its having occupied so much time. I literally took his advice, and by his desire gave up all thoughts of the drama.

From this day I enjoyed the acquaintance of Mr. Fox; and I believe it has been my own fault, that in point of pecuniary affairs it has not turned out more to my advantage. Thus far I think it necessary to add,
that

that Mr. Fox, some years since, often anxiously inquired into the state of my affairs, and more than once offered me a loan of some amount. Mr. Fox at that time lived almost solitarily. I have been at St. Anne's Hill day after day without seeing the arrival of a single visitor; I had almost forgotten here to except the late Duke of Bedford, and his brothers, who seldom missed a day, one or the other of that noble family making it a point of duty to make these daily visits.

The limits of these pages will not admit me to enter into the public life of Mr. Fox, but I will here and there correct some misrepresentations, and add some particulars, which may not be uninteresting to his friends and the public.

No part of the life of Mr. Fox has been so much a subject of misrepresentation as the period of his separation from Mr. Burke. I can take upon myself to say, that Mr. Fox

felt this to the last day of his life. Mr. Fox, both before and after the public declaration of Mr. Burke's resolution, spared no efforts, and scarcely any submissions to effect a reconciliation, but Mr. Burke constantly replied —“ Will he pronounce the renunciation?” This referred to a most singular paper, drawn up by Mr. Burke, and containing a formal renunciation of the principles of the French revolution, with a promise that he would never again propose a reform in Parliament, or the abolition of the Test. This paper Mr. Burke insisted that Mr. Fox should make a part of his speech in a full House. Mr. Burke was moreover under some pretext to procure a call of the House, that nothing might be wanting to the impossibility “ of future apostacy.”

Mr. Fox could of course not submit to this indignity ; but though the mutual friends of both continued to interpose ; though the late excellent Dutchess of Devonshire followed

followed Mr. Burke as his shadow with this benevolent purpose ; though Mr. Windham, the favourite, and almost adopted son of Mr. Burke, was here said to have united his efforts ; all was in vain, Mr. Burke was inflexible. To one of these applications he replied in these words :

“ My separation from Mr. Fox is a principle and not a passion ; I hold it as a sacred duty to confirm what I have said and written, by this sacrifice ; and to what purpose would be the re-union of a moment ; I can have no delight with him, nor he with me.”

Mr. Burke accordingly adhered to his purpose. This great man, indeed, carried everything to excess. It is not generally known that he entertained the most passionate abhorrence of Mr. Sheridan. It would be indecorous to repeat what he has said of this gentleman. Suffice it to say, that for the ten latter years of his life he made it an inviolable

riable rule to leave not the apartment—but even the town, when he heard that Mr. Sheridan had entered it.

To the late Duke of Bedford Mr. Burke was, perhaps, equally hostile. He once said of him in a public company, that he gave the lie to the line of Pope—That an honest man was the noblest work of Heaven. “There is the Duke of Bedford,” said he, “who is honest as a Duke, and what is perhaps more, would be honest even as a labouring thresher, yet is he a man without religion—without one dignified sentiment. He purchased the chateaus and forfeited lands of the nobility in France, and then supported revolutionary principles at home. He is thought an exemplary man, because he is of an even temper, which has not substance enough to be ruffled; and you call him a patriot, because, having that cunning which understands and pursues his own interest, he pulls down the house in which he was born; ploughs up the garden
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in which the spirit of his father still flitted, that he might improve his fortune by building streets."

These conversations and remarks of Mr. Burke were invariably reported, or transmitted to Mr. Fox; but so permanent was his attachment to Mr. Burke, that nothing could eradicate it. The friends of Mr. Fox knew this so well, that with the exception of Mr. Sheridan they spoke of Mr. Burke at St. Anne's with temper and respect. One gentleman, I cannot now recal his name, said, in the presence of Mr. Fox, there being a private dinner party at St. Anne's—that Mr. Burke was a sophist, and would be thought nothing of but for his dazzling eloquence. Mr. Fox immediately replied, that he thought very differently. "The eloquence of Mr. Burke," said he, "rather injures his reputation; it is a veil over his wisdom: remove his eloquence, reduce his language, and withdraw his images, and you will find that he was more wise than he was eloquent; you will have
your

your full weight of the metal, though you should melt down the chasing."

Lord Holland, I believe, was present at this conversation, and going out of the room, brought in one of Mr. Burke's pamphlets, and asked Mr. Fox to produce a passage which justified this remark. Mr. Fox turned over a few pages, and then taking a pen, scratched out a few words, and substituted others. I do not now remember the passage. He read it, however, and every one assented to the justice of his observation.

I do not wish to trespass upon what may be thought confidential, and therefore, for the most part, will avoid living characters; his opinion, however, of one or two, I will venture not to pass over.

The conversation at St. Anne's once turned upon Mr. Windham. Mr. Adair was present, and I believe introduced it by * * * *, Mr. Fox said, "That Mr. Windham was
indeed

indeed a very singular character; that he was almost the only man whom he had ever known who was a thinking man without being a grave man—(he explained this word grave by the Latin term *vir gravis et constans*); a meditating man, with so much activity; and a reading man, with so much practical knowledge. He is so absent that Sheridan once betted that he would introduce the Dutchess of Devonshire to him, and say, I met Mrs. Windham by the way, Sir, and took a seat in her carriage home, and Mr. Windham would not know the difference. Mr. Sheridan's bet was not taken, or I am persuaded that he would have won it. I once saw him stir the fire, and take the poker out of the room at St. James's."

Even during the period of separation of Mr. Fox and Windham, the former always spoke of the latter in the same manner.—He sometimes indeed lamented, when he heard that Mr. Windham was uninterruptedly at Beaconsfield. The attachment of

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this gentleman to Mr. Burke was indeed ardent, and the latter re-paid it with the same warmth. It is indeed not difficult to conceive that these two great men should be thus united.

During this period, that is to say, between his first separation from Mr. Burke, to the death of that venerable man, Mr. Fox was daily pestered with the most insulting letters, with the signature of “An Elector of Westminster.” There was no remedy for this vexation. Mr. Fox upon receiving the letters, would throw them on the table—“there, are another score of electors.” He would then open them, and look at the subscription; if he saw the word Elector—“Here’s more paper for the cook,” said he, and throwing it on the ground, proceeded in the same manner with all the others. “Lord North,” said he, “read every thing that was written against him, and rewarded those who wrote wittily; I cannot imitate him, for I could wish to believe that I have no enemies.”

Mr.

Mr. Fox particularly excelled in giving the characters of those with whom he had lived and acted; he used to say, Lord N—— was sensible only to one argument, and that was drawn from domestic life; Lady North possessed him under the most passive obedience. A trick was once played him by Colonel Barre, during the debates on the American War; the Colonel had a valet, who possessed a surprising dexterity in the imitation of hands. The opposition were eager to defer a debate, which the ministry were as anxious to bring on. The House had accordingly met, and Lord North was on the Treasury Bench, when a note was put in his hand. The debate was immediately deferred upon some pretext, which is never wanting to a Minister. The contents of the note were merely,

MY LORD,

I MUST beg you to make a point of being home at five o'clock, as I expect my mother to dinner.

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The hand-writing of Lady North was so well imitated, that Lord North was effectually deceived, and the opposition carried their point.

Mr. Fox has repeatedly said, that he never saw Lord North out of temper but once, and that was, when a gentleman of some importance in his party demanded of him in the first place an appointment for himself, which was readily granted. There is still another favour, said the gentleman, that I have to ask of your Lordship, the appointment of ———. Why, you are mad surely, said Lord North. Is it necessary to inform you, that that place must be held by a woman? Well, my Lord, replied the gentleman, I want it for my wife; what your Lordship has been pleased to give me is a liberal provision for myself, but if I have to make out of it any allowance for my wife and seven children—Allowance to your wife and children, Sir! what, don't you live with them, then? said Lord North. No, said the other, smiling,

smiling, surely your Lodship knew that I live with Fanny D——. Indeed, Sir, I knew no such thing, replied Lord North, and I must beg you to permit our acquaintance to drop here. I regret that, having passed my word for the appointment, it is past recal. Lord North here opened the door, and continued bowing till the gentleman had left the room, and never admitted him into his house afterwards.

It always appeared to me that Mr. Fox had a very lively regard for Lord North, as he never mentioned him but in a strain of eulogy. He said that he was the most accomplished wit he had ever known; and in domestic life, in the circle of friends and followers, when collected at his table, had all the candour of Walpole without the grossness. He appeared as if he never felt an insult, so immediately did he forgive it. His face was very plain, and his features coarse, but his smile was heavenly. You could not see him without becoming attached

tached to him. He left all his cares and arts in the House of Commons, and was no longer a Minister than whilst on the Treasury Bench.

Mr. Fox received the first intelligence of the last illness of Mr. Burke in a letter from Lord Fitzwilliam. Mr. Fox was sensibly affected. When he afterwards learned that it must necessarily terminate fatally, he was agitated as with the expectation of a great calamity; in this state of mind he wrote to Mrs. Burke, expressing his intention of *passing through* Beaconsfield; to this letter he received by an express the day following the answer which follows:

“ Mrs. Burke’s compliments to Mr. Fox, and thanks him for his obliging inquiries. Mrs. Burke communicated his letter to Mr. Burke, and by his desire has to inform Mr. Fox, that it has cost Mr. Burke the most heartfelt pain to obey the stern voice of his duty in rending asunder a long friendship,
but

but that he had effected this necessary sacrifice ; that his principles remained the same ; and that in whatever of life yet remained to him, he conceives that he must continue to live for others, and not for himself. Mr. Burke is convinced that the principles which he has endeavoured to maintain, are necessary to the good and dignity of his country, and that these principles can be enforced only by the general persuasion of his sincerity. For herself, Mrs. Burke has again to express her gratitude to Mr. Fox for his anxious inquiries."

Thus terminated for ever the connection of Mr. Burke and Mr. Fox. Mr. Fox wept bitterly when he learned the death of this venerable man.

He continued to preserve during his life his early veneration for this great man.—When Lord Lauderdale once said in his presence, that Mr. Burke was a splendid madman, Mr. Fox said, "it was difficult to
say

say whether he was mad or inspired ; whether one or the other, every one must agree that he is a prophet." Is he not an enemy to the liberty of mankind ? There is the point in dispute, said Mr. Fox ; I know that he loves mankind, and has no limits to his benevolence.

Mr. Fox entertained a very high regard for Lord Stanhope, till it was entirely done away by an incident which it is not within the purpose of these pages to mention. He used to say of him, that had he applied his talents to finance, he would have been the first financier in Europe.

The character of a man is best collected from his domestic life. I had at this period an opportunity of seeing him every day, and seldom neglected it ; there was much uniformity in his life ; he was a very early riser. On the western extremity of St. Anne's Hill is a solitary beech-tree growing on a narrow platform, elevated above the general surface
of

of the Hill. From this point is a most extensive view of the Vale of the Thames from Chertsey to Windsor. This was a favourite spot with Mr. Fox; he had caused a seat to be made around the tree. This was his walk before breakfast.

He was so attached to study, that he had formed to himself a certain daily plan, to which he adhered so inflexibly, that he was sometimes even impatient when necessarily interrupted. I cannot give the particulars of this plan, though from the frequent recurrence of many parts of it, I can assert that he had formed one, and adhered to it rigidly. An hour before his breakfast he always dedicated to one study, the acquisition of a new language, or the recollection of one in some degree obliterated; he was learning Spanish at the time of which I am speaking. His method of learning a language was very singular; after one week's labour at his grammar, getting by memory the declinable parts, the verbs, substantives, and adjectives,

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he proceeded immediately to some classic author of the language, and he laboured at his dictionary till he had read him. The syntax he learned by reference as the examples occurred.

After his breakfast he usually read till two o'clock: his reading was in a certain method; he was reading the history of the latter empire, and comparing Gibbon with the writers whom he has quoted as his authorities. He used to say of this author and Hume, that the one so loved a king, and the other so hated a priest, that they were neither of them to be depended upon, where either a priest or a king was concerned. Gibbon, said he, moreover, has quoted many books as authority of which he had only read the preface. He produced a singular instance of this, where Gibbon has quoted a passage as being in the third book of a writer whose work is divided into two books only. Gibbon was led into this error by the transcriber of the preface of the
book

book quoted, who, in transcribing the passage, has made the same error.

Mr. Fox disliked the florid stile and verbiage of Gibbon as much as he approved his historic concentration. He thinks like Tacitus, said he, and writes like Curtius. In many parts of the Gibbon, which he used, he had obliterated the unnecessary words with a pen; this was a practice very frequent with him. His Gibbon would be curious and interesting to the public. I believe it is in the possession of Lord Lauderdale.

Mr. Fox's bookseller sent Godwin's Political Justice to him; Mr. Fox read about half a dozen pages in the middle of the book; his practice with regard to modern books before he gave them a reading. Godwin did not suit him; he did what he had seldom done before, returned it to his bookseller.

Adam Smith was likewise a favourite elemental book; but he used to observe of him, that he was tedious, formal beyond the necessity of his work, and too fond of deduction where there was nothing to deduce; he proves where no one can doubt; and enters upon a chain of reasoning to produce a most unmeaning result. He used to say, that however close and dry he had written, one half of his book might be omitted with much benefit to the subject. He spoke with contempt of the works of Turgot. He said that the French had not liberty enough to understand finance and political economy. He spoke with respect of Henry's History of England, but often expressed his surprise at Belsham's George the Third—"That a man with his eyes open would write in this manner!" said he.

Mr. Fox was not a modern philosopher: however singular, he held them in hearty contempt; a contempt most significantly expressed by never reading their works. Mr.

Fox

Fox was not an infidel, but he had his own religion. He once said of Dunning, that he was the most profligate Christian, and Christian profligate, that had ever lived. Dunning used to say, that no such written evidence of acts so remote existed as the Four Gospels; that they would be good evidence in a court of justice, and before a common jury. When the difference of the narrative of the same events was objected, Mr. Dunning said, let two persons relate the circumstances of the battle of Minden, one just coming from the battle, and one who was equally present at the battle, and related it ten years afterwards, and reconcile them if you can. Mr. Fox said that Dunning had the strongest head of any lawyer within his memory.

It was at this period that Mr. Fox received an admonitory letter from one of the most celebrated men in England. The subject of this letter was very singular. The letter was very long; I should think that it will be published. Mr. Fox returned rather a short and
 laconic

laconic answer—"It is written with sincerity and good meaning," said he.

Mr. Fox said that he had to reproach —— with nothing but his want of sincerity. He had insinuated, and carefully cultivated in the mind of the King, a suspicion of Mr. Fox, and then produced this aversion of his Majesty, as the cause of his conduct.—Mr. Fox, however, we have reason to believe, was here unjust. It is certain, that the King at one time had a most decided aversion even to the person of Mr. Fox.

Mr. Fox had every paper morning and evening; the Chronicle, of course, was his favourite. I cannot say that he ever wrote any thing in this journal, though I have occasionally read his very words, and frequently thought that I could recognise his stile.

The morning passed away in this manner. Mr. Fox usually walked to Chertsey, and thence to Laleham, across the fields, and
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when weary, returned to dinner. There was very seldom any company. The Duke of Bedford was sometimes at table, but most frequently no one but Mr. Fox and Mrs. Armsted. The dinner was invariably very simple, that of a private country gentleman. I do not think that Mr. Fox lived at the expence of seven hundred *per annum*. Wine indeed cost him nothing, as at the earnest request of one of his ardent admirers, a wine merchant, he permitted him to supply his table, and the merchant could never be persuaded to produce his bill.

Mr. Fox enjoyed his tea, by his own confession, more than his breakfast or dinner.— A novel was invariably on his tea-table; sometimes Mrs. Armsted read, sometimes the Duke of Bedford, and sometimes Mr. Fox. I was present when Camilla arrived from London; Mr. Fox was at dinner, and was eager to begin the book immediately; Mrs. Armsted took it from him, laughing, and said that he must be regular, and wait till tea.—

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The books were accordingly given to a servant, and ordered to the tea-room. The wished-for moment arrived, Mrs. Armsted commenced : it was pleasing to see the interest with which Mr. Fox heard this work. He would here and there, however, say, “ That’s a vile word—that’s used in the wrong sense—that’s an ungraceful imitation of Dr. Johnson.”

In this manner passed away day after day in tranquil retirement. I have reason to believe that Mr. Fox wrote very little, and can almost take upon me to assert, that his history of the Revolution, as it has been called, existed only in idea. Mr. Fox certainly said that no reign was so unsatisfactorily written as that of William the Third. But I do not believe that he ever entertained any intention of writing it himself.

Mr. Fox did not retire to his bed till a very late hour. In summer he walked much in the evening. He bathed daily, plunged at once
into

into the river, and remained for a very short time. He was an excellent swimmer, and bathing from a schoolboy was his delight.

Mr. Fox had a kind of singular taste for music ; in this alone he was totally without judgment. Old tunes were such as alone pleased him. He said that no Opera was equal to Inkle and Yarico. Some one happening to mention the Beggar's Opera, he said, certainly, I will except that. The Beggar's Opera is the wittiest drama on the stage: the wit is simple, intelligible, and appeals alike to every one.

Mr. Fox said that Mr. Burke had once written a tragedy, and that he had seen two or three speeches. The imagery was in the character of Mr. Burke, splendid and just, but the structure of the versification was heavy, and the diction rather rhetorical than poetical. Mr. Fox asked Mr. Burke whether Garrick had ever seen it? Mr. Burke

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said,

said, “ No,—that he had the folly indeed to write it, but the wit to keep it to himself.”

The intimate connexion between Mr. Fox and the late Marquis of Lansdown, was only within about two years of the death of that nobleman. The late Marquis then sedulously cultivated the acquaintance of Mr. Fox. Previous to this period, notwithstanding their seeming concurrence, there was something of distance between them. The Marquis had some jealousy of Mr. Fox, and Mr. Fox had certainly not the best opinion of the sincerity of the Marquis. The late Marquis of Lansdown was indeed any thing but an amiable character. Let it be here observed, that we do not speak of him in a moral point of view; but as he was in domestic life. He was a most singular mixture of the courtier and the philosopher: of the dilettanti and statesman. With great pride he was occasionally as familiar, and ostentatiously condescending, as a French *petit maitre*; and at other times he was not to be seen for days together. He was alternately

alternately an oracle and a punchinello. He purchased books which he never read, and lived only to execute a design which he never began: he was any thing but a great man. We speak not this to offend, but to correct a prevalent error.

As to Lord Henry Petty, he has nothing of his father but his formality; he has much industry, sufficient gravity, and a clear and solid judgment; but somewhat too much pomposity, elevating little things into importance: he will doubtless improve, as he is not without the principles of excellence. Mr. Fox was much attached to him as a pupil.

Mr. Fox held an opinion of Bonaparte, in which not many will agree with him. I here speak with regret. Mr. Burke, speaking of the French revolution, said that it had not only shaken all Europe, but almost every man individually; that it had shaken Mr. Fox till it had shaken his heart in the wrong place.—Perhaps this was somewhat too severe, but

the best friends of Mr. Fox, without the slightest suspicion of his loyalty, cannot deny that he had this French bias.

Mr. Fox said of Bonaparte, that he was a man as magnificent in his means, as in his ends; that he was a most decided character, and would hold his purpose with more constancy, and through a longer interval, than was imagined; that his views were not directed to this kingdom; that he looked only to the continent. That his commercial enmity was but a temporary measure, and never intended to be acted upon as permanent policy.

It is not, however, within the purpose of these sheets, to enter into any political discussions: suffice it here to say, that Mr. Fox had become passionately attached to peace. If there are some of the readers of these pages who should deem this anxiety to restore the peace of nations to be a shade in his character, we must refer them for his reasons

sons to his parliamentary speeches. It may be remarked here, however, that the natural disposition of Mr. Fox, had probably some part in this pacific propensity.

The peace of Amiens enabled Mr. Fox to visit France, and he eagerly seized the opportunity. His arrival at Paris was notified in the *Moniteur*. Every one hastened to hail the English patriot. On the day after his arrival, he received a note from General Santerre, of which the following is a literal translation :—

To Mr. Fox.

“GENERAL Santerre has the honour of expressing the emotion with which he has now learned the arrival of Mr. Fox. General Santerre requests the permission of personally testifying his respect for the patriot of England, and, by example, the benefactor of the human race——.”

Mr.

Mr. Fox, in Paris, was as good a Frenchman as General Santerre. He returned therefore an immediate answer:

To General Santerre.

“MR. FOX has the honour of expressing to General Santerre the emotion of satisfaction with which he has learned the esteem of a man such as General Santerre. Mr. Fox flatters himself that General Santerre will pardon his abruptness, if Mr. F. should call at the General’s hotel in the course of the morning.”

Mr. Fox had scarcely received and answered the note of General Santerre, when he received another from Barrere, with expressions of equal esteem, veneration, &c.

This was followed by addresses from all the learned and public bodies, all hailing him by the same term—the benefactor of the human race, and English patriot. It would have been no reasonable subject of surprise, if such
general

general flattery had even elevated Mr. Fox from his self-recollection ; but Mr. Fox took it all in good part, and valued it at its real worth. He visited every one to whom he was invited, and as he was invited every where, his circle of acquaintance was very extensive. He has since frequently mentioned with much satisfaction the opportunity he thus possessed of seeing and studying many of the most eminent characters of the revolution.

Mr. Fox was received at the French Court with the same distinguishing homage to his genius and patriotism. The First Consul, now Emperor, said in public, that if the then English ministers had been such men as Mr. Fox, England and France might remain at eternal peace, and mutually concur to the happiness of each other. It is not to our present purpose to question this position of His Imperial Majesty. Bonaparte had certainly a very superior esteem for Mr.

Fox,

Fox, and seized with ostentation every opportunity of publicly testifying it.

Mr. Fox had thus an opportunity of acquiring a kind of knowledge which he turned to much advantage upon his return to England, and had he lived longer, the public might have reaped the benefit of his intimacy with the details of the French administration. I can assert it as a fact well known to many gentlemen at that time at Paris, that Mr. Fox was himself concerned in many of the internal arrangements of the French government. He explained to the French ministry the English law of the Liberty of the Press, and assisted them in the formation of the civil code, to adapt it to the circumstances of France at that period.

It was indeed at that period the fashion to talk of Mr. Fox; his dress, his manner of speaking, even his dinners were imitated; and the beaux of Paris exhibited a curious
contrast

contrast between what they were, and what they endeavoured to appear. It was the fashion to be a thinking man, to think like Fox; the Parisian coxcombs therefore endeavoured to model their faces and features to this character.

Mr. Fox always recalled this period of his life with satisfaction; he used to say that he had learned more of the French character during this short tour, than in his former longer travels: perhaps he not only saw more, and in different points of view, but, possessing a greater maturity of judgment, formed more solid estimates. It is doubtless one thing to travel from puerile curiosity, and another to form the mind.

It was not only amongst Generals and Statesmen that Mr. Fox was received with these flattering distinctions. He attracted every eye at the Opera, and was followed as a spectacle through the streets. His picture was in every window, and no medal-

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lions had so ready a sale as those which bore the head of Mr. Fox. The artists alone felt some discontent that he refused to sit for his portrait. I have heard an anecdote of some humour; that a celebrated statuary sent his respects to Mr. Fox, and begged to inform him that, from his desire to partake of his immortality, he had it in purpose to take a statue from the person of Mr. Fox: he would call on Mr. Fox the following day, when he flattered himself that Mr. Fox would have no objection to sit half an hour in his shirt whilst he took the exact contour of his body.

I must leave Mr. R—— A—— to answer for this anecdote; I repeat it as I have heard it related in the presence of Mr. Fox, who laughed at it heartily.

Madame Recamier was constant in her attentions to Mr. Fox; she called for him one day in her carriage, when Mr. Fox hesitating—"Come," said she, "I must keep my
promise,

promise, and shew you on the promenade. The people of Paris must always have a spectacle; before you came, I was the fashion; it is a point of honour, therefore, that I should not appear jealous of you. You must attend me, Sir."

Two or three days after this appeared in the *Clef du Cabinet*, an Ode of some wit, but what in England would have given offence to the subjects of it. Mr. Fox and Madame Recamier were Jupiter and Venus. The author, according to the French modesty, standing in the lobby of the Opera, put a copy of his Ode into the hands of Mr. Fox, and another into those of Madame Recamier, whom Mr. Fox was attending. Mr. Fox was confused upon reading the subject; Madame Recamier laughed. "Let them say what they please," said she, "as long as Monsieur Recamier possesses his senses, and laughs at them as I do. This is a first rate writer, and author of the Opera which is to be represented to night; he writes in

Italian almost as well as French; and, as I am informed, has written an English comedy, and sent it by express to the manager of one of your theatres. Paris is not however pleased with him for this last trick; it considers it as a kind of infidelity."

Mr. Fox always entertained the highest opinion of Madame Recamier; he said that she was the only woman in France who united the attractions of pleasure to those of modesty. When her dress was objected to, Mr. Fox said, that it was the fashion in France, and had lost its indecency in its generality.

Mr. Fox entertained an exalted opinion of the talents of Barrere; he said that he reminded him of Mr. ———, that "in his activity by starts, in his general indolence, in his dexterity at shifts, in his alike suiting himself to every party, without attachment to any; a man of honour himself, but without difficulty connecting and adhering to men
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of the most perfect infamy; Barrere was the complete counterpart of Mr. ———, who in the same situation would be found to act in the same manner.” Mr. Fox said, that Barrere had more sagacity than any of the French ministers, that his designs were more comprehensive, and his practical means best conceived. Barrere had an equally exalted opinion of Mr. Fox; circumstances of course did not allow the free cultivation of this acquaintance.

Bonaparte had frequent private interviews with Mr. Fox. It will be allowed that these opportunities enabled him to form a just estimate of the character of this celebrated man. Perhaps here was the great value of the services of Mr. Fox, and here was the great point in which the public will most feel his loss. We have before mentioned, that he entertained a very peculiar opinion of Bonaparte; that he said that he had a proud candour, which, in the confidence of his success in whatever he had resolved, scorned

scorned to conceal his designs. “I never saw so little indirectness in any statesman as in the first Consul. He made no secret of his designs.”

After seeing what there was to be seen, not the face of the country, but the face of manners, which had arisen, as it were, out of a chaos, Mr. Fox returned to England. In a letter to a Noble Lord, which has passed much from one to another, Mr. Fox wrote his reflections upon French manners at some length. This letter was occasioned by the observation of Lord Fitzwilliam—that the revolution had found them—“A nation of coxcombs, and left them a nation of blackguards ; that manners, the civility of man to man, and the chivalrous homage to woman, which softens and gives a picturesque splendour to life, had wholly vanished, and a nation of citizens had replaced a nation of gentlemen.” Mr. Fox maintained “that the same gallantry continued to exist, though the foundation was gone ; and that the distinction
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of ranks, sufficient for the purposes of social order, still remained. That the revolution had doubtless effected much mischief, but the ferment had ceased, and the sediment gone to the bottom, never to re-appear. That the French Government, a century hence, would exhibit a most interesting spectacle: that of a Government not founded on feudal principles." It has been a matter of some surprise to me that this letter has not been published.

We now arrive at another period of Mr. Fox's life, that in which he appeared in strenuous opposition to Mr. Addington. What he said of this gentleman at a large party—(I do not conceive, under these circumstances, that it can be considered as said in private) will not soon be forgotten. "My Lord Salisbury would make a better minister, only that he is wanted for court-dancing-master." When he was asked what Mr. Addington would do after he had made peace? "I cannot say," said he, "but it will be something

something which will render him ridiculous to the end of time. If Mr. Addington wishes for supreme authority, let him be King of Bath, if he has interest enough at the rooms; he will find it more pleasant, and I am persuaded, more to his reputation." This was reported to Lord Sidmouth; I know not with what effect. I remember only that the union of the parties excited much astonishment in me, in common with the whole kingdom.

Mr. Fox understood from the commencement, the motives of Mr. Pitt in the substitution of Mr. Addington. It is not perhaps generally known that H—— M—— had become impatient of the long continuance of the war, and that this concurred with other causes to the decision of Mr. Pitt. Mr. Addington undertook the vacant office—nothing loath. The mediator was singular—the late Archbishop of Canterbury. Mr. Addington certainly had Mr. Pitt's most positive assurance of support. Mr. Pitt at first did nothing for him, and after a short interval,
found

found it necessary to act with more decision against him. Mr. Addington was dumb with astonishment.

The state of parties at that time was well known. The —— was not in a condition of health either to speak or act; yet was he made to do both in the formal proposals of the several parties. It was said that the —— had expressed an invincible dislike to Mr. Fox. Mr. Fox spoke of Mr. Pitt's conduct in this transaction with a liveliness of indignation not usual with him.

Mr. Pitt again resumed the place which he conceived to belong to him as a kind of birth-right. Mr. Addington bowed submissively, and passed gracefully into a peerage.

Mr. Fox did justice to Mr. Pitt; he said that he was almost the only man who had ever subdued such great talents under such complete subjection to official formality.

Upon the death of Mr. Pitt, the conduct of Mr. Fox was thought wanting in generosity. It is not my purpose to enter into his vindication. Mr. Fox certainly here acted with his usual candour. He did not pretend to what he did not feel. In his speech in the House he did not withhold his acknowledgment of the undoubted virtues of Mr. Pitt; he allowed him to have been the Minister of the cleanest hands of any that had ever held the helm of State. He applauded his finance—reprobated his wars, and voted to pay his debts. This was something, though perhaps more might have been wished.

We now come to the period of that mortal illness which terminated the career of this illustrious statesman, and that at a point of time when his talents were undoubtedly much wanted.

His disease.—The first seeds of it commenced about the beginning of last winter. In the month of December last, Mr. Fox was on a country

a country visit with the Earl of A———. Mr. Fox during this period was very unwell. He found his constitution rapidly giving way. He was able neither to take the same exercise or the same diversions as formerly. He laid aside his habit of early rising, and frequently slept after dinner. His friends observed the change with a presentiment of the consequence. Mr. Fox himself was not blind to this advancing weakness. The seeds of his disease began daily to develop themselves, and Mr. Fox was himself conscious that he would not live long. “My life has been active beyond my strength, I had almost said my duty. If I have not acted much, you will allow that I have spoken much, and I have felt more than I have either acted or spoken. My constitution has sunk under it. I find myself unequal to the business upon which you have written; it must be left to younger men. I think moreover that it will be a thankless labour. I expect nothing from ——. ’Tis a sword of state, which is borne in procession on solemn days,

but is never allowed to be employed ; it is too old and rusty to cut. This is what W—— said at Lord ——'s, and I perfectly agree with him."

I have been permitted to make this extract from a letter now before me. One of the friends of Mr. Fox had applied to him for his concurrence and active support in an affair of some importance, and which has since proved a bone of contention between the different members of the party. It would not be pardonable, to speak more fully upon this subject ; suffice it to say, Mr. Fox declined any active support, any leading concurrence in this business, from the state of his health.

Mr. Fox was confined to his bed many days during December, and was once very seriously indisposed, his legs swelled, and he took largely of decoction of the woods, under the impression that he was suffering under the scurvy.

It

It was peculiar to Mr. Fox, that he had formed in his own mind a kind of philosophic theory of medicine. He referred every thing to two causes, impurity of blood, and the habit of the stomach. He seldom, therefore, consulted a physician; for the most part prescribing to himself, and even mixing his own medicines. Paytherus in Bondstreet was his chemist, and his annual bills for drugs, &c. amounted to a very considerable sum; rhubarb and vegetable decoctions were his favourite medicines. I have heard him however say, that the best purgative in the *Materia Medica* was fruit with thin skins, currants, raspberries, &c.

He had no suspicion that he was dropsical, and perhaps by this error contributed to confirm and aggravate his disease. He entered on a course of medicine, as if for the scurvy; and feeling very early in the period of his complaint an uncommon weakness of stomach, he imputed it to an insufficient

ficient digestion. This erroneous management had certainly very bad effects.

He was in this state when he returned to town early in January. Political affairs,—The situation of his party began to wear an important aspect. Mr. Pitt was declared irrecoverable so early as the beginning of January, and in a consultation about the 10th, it was announced that his death might be daily expected.

The necessary activity of such a time banished from Mr. Fox every sense of his weakness; he exerted himself in a manner which of itself would have ruined his constitution. Once, and once alone, he employed a very remarkable expression; Pitt has died in January,—perhaps I may go off before June. Mr. Fox said this walking up Pall Mall, as he entered the door of Nichols the bookseller. A gentleman who was with him, Mr. T——, said something in reply. Nay, said Mr. Fox again, I begin
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to think that my complaint is not unlike Pitt's, my stomach has been long discomposed, I feel my constitution *dissolving*.

It is known to the friends of Mr. Fox, that in the interval of the death of Mr. Pitt, and the appointment of the new ministry, Mr. Fox experienced much vexation and great anxiety.

His health suffered so much under these fatigues, that his appetite sensibly decreased, and his legs alternately swelled; and became reduced. He was insensible to it whilst in action, but was seated but for a short time before he was seized with a sickishness of the stomach: no medicine could relieve him of this most uneasy sensation. He was often compelled to retire from table and recline upon a sofa. He refused to consult the faculty; he endeavoured to impute these alarming symptoms to temporary anxiety, which would pass over with the cause.

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This state of health continued through the month of March, when the progress became so visible, that, in the language of the turf, his most immediate friends pronounced him breaking fast; Mr. Fox still most unaccountably insisted that his disease was but a temporary habit; a physician, however, was now called in, but perhaps from the unintentional misrepresentations of Mr. Fox himself, his complaint was not as yet understood.

Mr. Fox happened about this time (in May) to recover an interval of strength, an event which confirmed his error.

This, however, continued but a very short time, the symptoms returned with redoubled force, and in the latter end of June he was already declared in a rapid state of certain decay.

His disease, however, was not publicly declared to be the dropsy before the commencement

mencement of the month of July. The symptoms were then no longer doubtful; the lethargy was alarming, the tumors daily increasing. All efforts to enable the vessels to discharge the water by natural process failed; the former weakness of the stomach was the gradual decay of all its powers. It was now generally agreed amongst the attendant physicians, that there was little hope of any favourable termination.

On the 29th of July a consultation was held, when it was generally agreed to try the operation of another powerful medicine, and if it failed of an immediate diuretic effect, that he should be tapped. No alternative remained but this last resource.

The medicine failed, the powers of the absorbent vessels were extinguished, and the physicians resolved upon the immediate execution of the last resource. On the Tuesday and Wednesday previous to the operation, Mr. Fox swelled most alarmingly,

it was wished to defer the operation till Sunday, but it was found impossible. It was accordingly resolved, and the resolution announced to Mr. Fox.

For the seven days previous, Mr. Fox had become persuaded of the necessity of this operation, and entreated that it might be performed. Mr. Cline, by his own desire, explained to him the course of medicine which had been pursued, and their nature and quality. Mr. Fox was satisfied, but requested that if the medicines should fail of their expected effect, as he foretold they would, from the increased weakness of his stomach, they would not delay the tapping, and would inform him previously of the appointed time.

On Thursday, August 7th, the operation was performed; about five gallons were taken from him. The water followed the stab with great violence; it was very fetid and discoloured, and as it were, a mass of blood, which,

which, on being exposed to the air, coagulated within half an hour. The weakness immediately consequent was such as to excite a general alarm that he would not long survive it. He was for a long time speechless, and this at a moment when the newspapers of the day announced "that he was in most excellent spirits, and laughed and talked with Mrs. Fox and several others, after the operation." In spirits indeed!—he was prostrate on the bed, and with scarcely any appearance of life. His eye was half closed, and the light of life as it were extinguished. These were his spirits, and gaiety, and conversation.

On the ninth, tenth, and eleventh, his state continued very dubious; the night of the tenth it was particularly so; but from that period he continued to gain in strength and spirits, though this amendment itself was unfortunately but symptomatic. He now breakfasted with one or two of his more intimate friends by his bedside, and talked

with them as long as his physicians permitted.

It was during one of these morning conversations, that he first expressed his persuasion that his disease would terminate fatally. Lord —— said, that he had made a party for Christmas, in the country, and had taken the liberty to include Mr. Fox in it without his knowledge. But it will be a new scene, Sir, added he, and I think you will approve of it. I shall indeed be in a new scene by Christmas next, said Mr. Fox. “My Lord, what do you think of the state of the soul after death?” Lord ——, (confounded I believe by the unexpected turn which Mr. Fox had given to the conversation) made no reply. Mr. Fox continued— “That it is immortal, I am convinced. The existence of the Deity is a proof that spirit exists; why not therefore the soul of man? and if such an essence as the soul exists, by its nature it may exist for ever. I should
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have believed in the immortality of the soul though Christianity had never existed; but how it acts as separated from the body, is beyond my capacity of judgment. This, however, I shall know by next Christmas." Mrs. Fox here took his hand and wept. Mr. Fox was much moved—"I am happy," said he, "full of confidence, I may say of certainty."

Mr. Fox had so far recovered from the operation of the seventh, that he was declared in no immediate danger from the effect of it. This opinion of the physicians was strangely mistaken, as referring to the disease itself, and not to the operation. I can take upon myself to say, that the physicians had by this time given up all hopes of his recovery.

If any such expectations were indulged, they must have vanished the day after this consultation, when Mr. Fox again began to swell. Lord Holland, from his ardent and
anxious

anxious affection, endeavoured to persuade himself that this swelling was the mere effect of weakness, and the over exercise of the limbs. It had indeed some appearance of it, as it sunk again without any application.

On the 20th, Mr. Fox was in a long lethargy, and the physicians acknowledged their alarm.

On the day following, the return of the water was evident.

On the two following days there was an almost entire stoppage of the urine; the physicians publicly announced that they were unable to restore the action of the stomach, and of course could neither check the accumulation of the water, nor procure any evacuation for it.

On the 25th, they announced to Mr. Fox that another tapping would be necessary.

Mr.

Mr. Fox said, I know that I cannot survive this general dissolution of my constitution. Tell me how long you think I may live ; I do not ask you if my recovery is even possible. Mr. ——— said, that some instances had occurred. Never at my period of life, and with my constitution, said Mr. Fox. I entreat you to inform me how long you think I can remain in my present state. The physicians here consulted, but were still silent. I will consent to be tapped, said Mr. Fox, but it is upon express condition, that I shall be previously removed to St. Anne's Hill. It is nearest to my heart to breath my last there. —The physicians declared with one voice that this was impossible ; that he was in a state of too much weakness. Mr. Fox was with difficulty tranquillized.

Upon a subsequent consultation, the same day, it was agreed that his wish should be so far complied with, that he should be removed to Chiswick, as part of the way to St. Anne's Hill. The change of air, it was thought,

thought, might operate favourably on his stomach, when discharged of the water which it had again collected. With this purpose the resolution was taken to remove him on the day following, the 27th of August, and to tap him a second time on the following day.

He was accordingly removed to Chiswick; but on the day following, and even the second and third day after his removal, was so weak, that it was judged expedient to defer the operation. This was thought a very unlucky circumstance, as much had been expected from the immediate effect of a change of air, if the water should be immediately discharged for the second time.

He was not therefore tapped till the Sunday, the fourth day after his removal. The effect of this tapping is well known. The substance of the stomach was evidently more injured than before. The water was more fetid and putrid. Mr. Fox was so extremely weak during the operation, that it was
judged

judged necessary to stop before the water was drawn off. It seemed the general opinion, that if the operation had been continued, he could not have survived it; he recovered some strength on the following day, and received a visit from the Duke of Devonshire, who congratulated him on his amendment. Mr. Fox, however, shook his head with an air of resignation. On the following Wednesday, the operation of the Sunday was finished, the water exhausted, and a new course of medicine tried. On the two following days Mr. Fox was apparently recovering in health and spirits, his urine began to return, and—with the exception of the physicians, who had told Lord Holland, so early as the middle of July, that it was not reasonable to expect any favourable termination—some hopes were indulged in London and Chiswick. I think it necessary however to say, that Mr. Fox himself never encouraged any such hopes upon the return of the water after the first operation. From this period he gradually

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prepared himself for the awful event, and evidently thought of it *most seriously*.

On the Sunday evening, his physicians recognized the symptoms of approaching dissolution. Mr. Fox had entreated them to give him previous notice. The physicians, however, did not consider it their duty to speak as yet. It was notified, however, to Lord Holland, but Mrs. Fox was not informed of it till the following day.

On Monday the symptoms had so augmented, the returning swelling, longer intervals of lethargy, and the langour of the pulse, that after a consultation it was decided to inform Mr. Fox, that he would most probably not survive TWENTY-FOUR HOURS, and that his recovery, or the continuance of his life during *fourteen days* longer, was not within the possibility of things. The communication was accordingly made to him in those words. Mr. Fox replied, "God's will
be

be done, I have lived enough, and shall die happy; he then turned his head on his pillow, closed his eyes for about half a minute, and Lord Holland having entered in the mean time, he opened the palm of his hand as a sign for Lord Holland to give him his hand. Lord Holland took the hand of his uncle, but was unable to repress his tears. My dear, my beloved nephew, said Mr Fox, much moved. Mrs. Fox, supported by Lady Holland, and Lady E. Forster, the latter however only coming to the door of the apartment, now entered; every one but the physicians and the family, now left the room; the scene of distress was past description.

It was to the surprise of every one that Mr. Fox survived the night. Tuesday he continued in the same state, neither amending nor becoming worse. His pulse at intervals, fluttered. Towards the Wednesday morning, it was again announced to Lord Holland, that he could not survive the day. No sleep—restless—lingering—becoming momentarily

more exhausted ; his hands clammy, his feet with the coldness of death ; in a word, dying ! Such was his state on Wednesday, and till about five o'clock on the Thursday morning.

On Thursday the change was surprising, and to those who had not been accustomed to the bed of death, excited the most lively hopes. The clamminess of death had disappeared ! he slept, and appeared easy at intervals ; his pulse became regular ; his speech returned. He was in perfect possession of his senses. General Fitzpatrick was transported with joy, and some indignation was felt at the apparent coldness of the physicians, who, in announcing all these changes, seemed to offer but little value on them.

On Friday, early in the morning, all appearances of amendment vanished. The fatal symptoms of Monday and Wednesday returned, and it was a third time announced to Mr. Fox, that he could not survive many hours. His friends were again permitted to
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take leave of him; but when they were about to leave the apartment, Mr. Fox waved them back again, and expressed signs of impatience, when the physicians advised them to withdraw. Mr. Fox was able to speak at intervals. Lord Henry Petty approached his bed. Mr. Fox said, this is all in the course of nature. I am happy—Your labour is difficult, do not despair. Mr. Fox would have said more, but Lord Henry Petty, unable to repress his emotions, and by the desire of the physicians, retired to another part of the room. Mrs. Fox was fixed motionless with grief. A sudden burst of tears defeated all her precaution. Mr. Fox who had hold of her hand, looked piteously at her; his back was turned, and he had to raise his head. Do not, do not, said he to Mrs. Fox. He was now evidently much exhausted; the physicians insisted that every one should leave the room, and were obeyed. Mr. Fox fell into a kind of stupor.

In the evening his friends were again admitted.

mitted. Lord Holland and Mrs. Fox seemed almost wholly to occupy the attention of Mr. Fox; he talked to them at intervals, and finding himself exhausted, put Mrs. Fox's hand into that of Lord Holland, and then solemnly imposed, as it were, a silent blessing, by raising his own, and suffering it to fall gently on the united hands of his wife and nephew.

Mr. Fox passed the night restless and alternately in a stupor. In the morning he was evidently approaching nearer to his end. He again solicited by signs and half words the presence of his friends, who were in the apartment, but beyond his view: they approached his bed about noon, he made a sign for the hands of Mrs. Fox and Lord Holland, they were given him, he again united them, and silently blessed them with the same slow descent of his hand as on the preceding day; this he repeated three times. He then endeavoured to turn himself, his back being still towards them, and his head
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only bent forwards; he was too weak, however, for this effort. Mrs. Fox and Lord Holland went round to the other side of the bed; it was then he pronounced the last words he was able to speak: God bless you—bless you—and you all. I die happy.—I pity you.

He sunk again into a stupor, recovered about three o'clock, became weaker, looked for a moment *fully* upon all in the room, hung upon the countenances of Lord Holland and Mrs. Fox, closed his eyes, and opened them not again. He expired about 20 minutes before six o'clock by a watch regulated by the sun.

F I N I S.



